MACBETH.

A Catherine Wynne her Book

TRAGEDY.

With all the

ALTERATIONS, *AMENDMENTS*, ADDITIONS

AND

NEW SONGS.

As it is now Acted at the

QUEEN'S-THEATRE.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The ARGUMENT.

DUncan, *King of the* Scots, *had two principal Men, whom he employed in all Matters of Importance,* Macbeth *and* Banquo. *These two Travelling together through a Foreſt, were met by three Fairy Witches, (Weirds the* Scots *call them) whereof the firſt making Obeyſance unto* Macbeth, *ſaluted him,* Thane *(a Title unto which that of* Earl *afterwards ſucceeded) of* Glamis, *the ſecond* Thane *of* Cawdor, *and the third King of* Scotland: *This is unequal dealing, ſaith* Banquo, *to give my Friend all the Honours, and none unto me: To which one of the Weirds made anſwer, That he indeed ſhould not be a King, but out of his Loyns ſhould come a Race of Kings, that ſhould for ever rule the* Scots; *and having thus ſaid, they all ſuddenly vaniſhed. Upon their Arrival to the Court,* Macbeth *was immediately created* Thane *of* Glamis; *and not long after, ſome new Service of his requiring new Recompence, he was honoured with the Title of* Thane *of* Cawdor. *Seeing then how happily the Prediction of the three Weirds fell out in the former, he reſolved not to be wanting to himſelf in fulfilling the third; and therefore firſt he killed the King, and after, by reaſon of his Command among the Soldiers and common People, he ſucceeded in his Throne. Being ſcarce warm in his Seat, he call'd to mind the Prediction given to his Companion* Banquo: *Whom hereupon ſuſpecting as his Supplanter, he cauſed him to be killed, together with his Poſterity:* Flean, *one of his Sons, eſcaped only, with no ſmall Difficulty into* Wales. *Freed as he thought from all fear of* Banquo *and his Iſſue, he built* Dunſinane *Caſtle, and made it his ordinary Seat: And afterwards, on ſome new Fears, conſulting with certain of his Wizards about his future Eſtate, was told by one of them that he ſhould never be overcome, 'till* Birnam *Wood (being ſome Miles diſtant) came to* Dunſinane *Caſtle; and by another, that he ſhould never be ſlain by any Man which was born of a Woman. Secure then, as he thought, from all future Dangers, he omitted no kind of libidinous Cruelty for the Space of* 18 *Years; for ſo long he Tyrannized over* Scotland. *But having then made up the Meaſure of his Iniquities,* Macduff *the Governor of Fife aſſociating to himſelf ſome few Patriots (and being aſſiſted with ten thouſand* Engliſh) *equally hated by the Tyrant, and abhorring the Tyranny, met in* Birnam *Wood, and taking every one of them a Bough in his Hand (the better to keep them from Diſcovery) marched early in the Morning towards* Dunſinane *Caſtle, which they took by* Scalado. Macbeth *eſcaping, was purſu'd by* Macduff, *who having overtaken him, urged him to the Combat; to whom the Tyrant, half in Scorn, returned this Anſwer; That he did in vain attempt to kill him, it being his Deſtiny never to be ſlain by any that was born of Woman. Now then, ſaid* Macduff, *is thy fatal End drawing faſt upon thee, for I was never born of Woman, but violently cut out of my Mother's Belly: Which Words ſo daunted the cruel Tyrant, though otherwiſe a valiant Man and of great Performances, that he was very eaſily ſlain; and* Malcolm Conmer, *the true Heir, ſeated in his Throne.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

KING *of* Scotland,	Mr. *Keen.*
Malcolm *his Son*, *Prince of* Cumberland,	Mr. *Corey.*
Donalbain,	Mr. *Bullock*, Jun.
Lenox,	Captain *Griffin.*
Macbeth,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Banquo,	Mr. *Mills.*
Macduff,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Seyward,	Mr. *Husband.*
Seyton,	Mr. *Bickerſtaffe.*
Banquo's *Son*,	Mrs. *B. Porter.*
1 *Murtherer*,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
2 *Murtherer*,	Mr. *Croſs.*

WOMEN.

Macbeth's *Lady*,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Macduff's *Lady*,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Hecate,	Mr. *Johnſon.*

A Waiting Gentlewoman, Witches, Servants, and Attendants.

MAC-

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN ſhall we three meet again,
In Thunder, Lightning, and in Rain?
2. When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's loſt and won.
3. And that will be e'er ſet of Sun.
1. Where's the place?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There we reſolve to meet *Macbeth*——[*A ſhriek like an Owl.*
1. I come Gray *Malkin.*
All. Paddock calls!
To us fair Weather's foul, and foul is fair!
Come hover through the foggy, filthy Air—— [*Ex. flying.*

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain *and* Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting* Seyton *wounded.*

King. What aged Man is that? if we may gueſs
His Meſſage by his Looks, he can relate
The Iſſue of the Battel!
Malc. This is the valiant *Seyton,*
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
To ſave my Liberty. Hail, worthy Friend,
Inform the King in what Condition you
Did leave the Battel?
Seyton. It was doubtful;
As two ſpent Swimmers, who together cling
And choak their Art: the mercileſs *Mackdonald*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, to which end
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Swarm'd thick upon him) from the Weſtern Iſles,
With Kernes and Gallowglaſſes was ſupply'd;
Whom Fortune with her Smiles oblig'd awhile:
But brave *Macbeth* (who well deſerves that Name)

Did with his Frowns put all her Smiles to flight:
And cut his Paſſage to the Rebel's Perſon:
Then having Conquer'd him with ſingle Force,
He fixt his Head upon our Battlements.
King. O valiant Couſin! Worthy Gentleman!
Seyton. But then this Day-break of our Victory
Serv'd but to light us into other Dangers;
That Spring from whence our Hopes did ſeem to riſe
Produc'd our Hazard: for no ſooner had
The Juſtice of your Cauſe, Sir, (arm'd with Valour,)
Compell'd theſe nimble Kernes to truſt their Heels,
But the *Norweyan* Lord, (having expected
This Opportunity) with new Supplies
Began a freſh Aſſault.
King. Diſmaid not this our Generals, *Macbeth*
And *Banquo?*
Seyton. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles, or as Hares do Lions;
As Flames are heighten'd by acceſs of Fuel,
So did their Valours gather Strength, by having
Freſh Foes on whom to exerciſe their Swords:
Whoſe Thunder ſtill did drown the dying Groans
Of thoſe they ſlew, which elſe had been ſo great,
Th' had frighted all the reſt into Retreat.
My Spirits faint: I would relate the Wounds
Which their Swords made; but my own ſilence me.
King. So well thy Wounds become thee as thy Words;
Th' are full of Honour both: Go get him Surgeons ——
[*Ex. Cap. and Attendants.*

Enter Macduff.

But who comes there?
Malc. Noble *Macduff!*
Lenox. What haſte looks through his Eyes!
Donal. So ſhould he look who comes to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Macd. Long live the King!
King. Whence com'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*
Macd. From *Fife*, Great King; where the *Norweyan* Banners
Darkned the Air, and fann'd our People cold:
Norwey himſelf, with infinite Supplies,
(Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal *Thane*
Of *Cawdor*) long maintain'd a diſmal Conflict,
Till brave *Macbeth* oppos'd his bloody Rage,
And check'd his haughty Spirits, after which
His Army fled: Thus ſhallow Streams may flow
Forward with violence awhile; but when
They are oppos'd, as faſt run back agen.
In brief, the Victory was ours.
King. Great Happineſs!
Malc. And now the *Norwey* King craves Compoſition.

We

We would not grant the burial of his Men,
Until at *Colmes-Inch* he had disburs'd
Great heaps of Treasure to our Generals use.
King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our Confidence: pronounce his present Death;
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
He has deserv'd it.
Macd. Sir! I'll see it done.
King. What he has lost, Noble *Macbeth* has won—— *Exeunt.*
Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches flying.
1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, Sister?
2. Killing Swine!
3. Sister; where thou?
1. A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd; give me, quoth I:
Anoint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cry'd,
Her Husband's to the *Baltick* gone, Master o'th' *Tiger,*
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a Rat without a Tail
I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.
2. I'll give thee a wind.
1. Thou art kind.
3. And I another.
1. I my self have all the other,
And then from every Port they blow;
From all the points that Sea-men know.
I will drain him dry as Hay;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-house lid;
My Charms shall his Repose forbid,
Weary sen-nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, waste, and pine,
Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
2. Shew me, shew me,——
1. Here I have a Pilot's thumb
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come! [*A Drum within.*
3. A Drum, a Drum:
Macbeth does come.
1. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about
Thrice to thine,
2. And Thrice to mine;
3. And Thrice again to make up nine.
2. Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo *with Attendants.*

Macb. Command, they make a halt upon the Heath.——
So fair and foul a day I have not ſeen!

Banq. How far is't now to *Soris*? What are theſe
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their Attire;
That look not like the Earth's Inhabitants,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you things
Crept hither from the lower World, to fright
Th' Inhabitants of this? You ſeem to know me,
By laying all at once your choppy fingers
Upon your skinny Lips; you ſhou'd be Women,
And yet your Looks forbid me to interpret
So well of you.——

Macb. Speak, if you can, what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*, Hail to thee *Thane* of *Glamis.*

2. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Cawdor.*

3. All hail, *Macbeth*, who ſhall be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, what makes you ſtart, and ſeem to dread
Events which ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of Truth
Are you fantaſtical? or that indeed
Which outwardly you ſhew? My noble Partner,
You greet with preſent Grace, and ſtrang Prediction
Of noble Fortune, and of Royal hope;
With which he ſeems ſurpriz'd: To me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of Time,
And tell which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me; who neither beg your favour,
Nor fear your hate——

1. Hail!

2. Hail!

3. Hail!

1. Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, thou ſhalt ne'er be one.

So all Hail *Macbeth* and *Banquo.*——

1. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all Hail—— [*Going.*

Macb. Stay! you imperfect Speakers! tell me more;
By *Sinel*'s death I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*, whilſt that *Thane* yet lives?
And, for your promiſe, that I ſhall be King,
'Tis not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*: Say from whence
You have this ſtrange Intelligence: or why
Upon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vaniſh.*

Banq.

Banq. The Earth has Bubbles like the Water,
And theſe are ſome of them: How ſoon they are vaniſh'd!
Macb. Th' are turn'd to Air; what ſeem'd Corporeal
Is melted into nothing; would they had ſtaid.
Banq. Were ſuch things here as we diſcours'd of now?
Or have we taſted ſome infectious Herb
That captivates our Reaſon?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too, went it not ſo?
Banq. Juſt to that very tune! who's here?

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Macbeth, the King has happily receiv'd
The news of your ſucceſs: And when he reads
Your pers'nal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonder and his Praiſes then contend
Which ſhall exceed: when he reviews your worth,
He finds you in the ſtout *Norweyan* Ranks,
Not ſtarting at the Images of Death
Made by your ſelf: each Meſſenger which came
Being loaden with the Praiſes of your Valour,
Seem'd proud to ſpeak your Glories to the King;
Who, for an earneſt of a greater Honour,
Bad me, from him, to call you *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, Hail, moſt Noble *Thane!*
Banq. What, can the Devil ſpeak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd Robes?
Macd. 'Tis true, Sir; He, who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he in juſtice is condemn'd to loſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of *Norway*,
Or did aſſiſt the Rebel privately;
Or whether he concurr'd with both, to cauſe
His Country's danger, Sir, I cannot tell:
But, Treaſons Capital, confeſs'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor*!
The greateſt is behind. My noble Partner!
Do you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings?
When thoſe who gave to me the *Thane* of *Cawdor*
Promis'd no leſs to them.
Banq. If all be true,
You have a Title to a Crown, as well
As to the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. It ſeems ſtrange;
But many times, to win us to our harm,
The Inſtruments of darkneſs tell us Truths,
And tempt us with low trifles, that they may

Betray

Betray us in the things of high concern.
Macb. Th' have told me Truth as to the name of *Cawdor*, [*Aside.*
That may be Prologue to the name of King.
Leſs Titles ſhou'd the greater ſtill fore-run,
The Morning Star doth uſher in the Sun.
This ſtrange Prediction in as ſtrange a manner
Deliver'd, neither can be good nor ill:
If ill; 'twou'd give no earneſt of ſucceſs,
Beginning in a truth: I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*;
If good? why am I then perplext with doubt?
My future Bliſs cauſes my preſent Fears,
Fortune, methinks, which rains down Honour on me,
Seems to rain Blood too: *Duncan* does appear
Clowded by my increaſing Glories: but
Theſe are but dreams.
Banq. Look how my Partner's rap'd!
Macb. If Chance will have me King; Chance may beſtow
A Crown without my ſtir.
Banq. His Honours are ſurprizes, and reſemble
New Garments, which but ſeldom fit Men well,
Unleſs by help of uſe.
Macb. Come, what come may;
Patience and Time run through the rougheſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth!* we wait upon your leiſure.
Macb. I was reflecting upon paſt Tranſactions;
Worthy *Macduff*; your pains are regiſtred
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let's haſten to the King: we'll think upon
Theſe accidents at more convenient time.
When we've maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart
Our mutual judgments to each others breaſts.
Banq. Let it be ſo.
Macb. Till then enough. Come Frinds—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbain, *Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or are they not return'd, who were imploy'd
In doing it?
Malc. They are not yet come back;
But I have ſpake with one who ſaw him die,
And did report that very frankly, he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, and implor'd your Pardon
With ſigns of a ſincere and deep Repentance.
He told me, nothing in his life became him
So well, as did his leaving it. He dy'd
As one who had been ſtudy'd in his Death,
Quitting the deareſt thing he ever had,
As't were a worthleſs triſle.
King. There's no Art

To find the Mind's conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, *and* Macduff.

O worthy'ſt Couſin!
The ſin of my Ingratitude even now
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before,
That all the wings of recompence are ſlow
To overtake thee: would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: I've only left to ſay,
That thou deſerv'ſt more than I have to pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe you,
Is a ſufficient payment for it ſelf:
Your Royal part is to receive our Duties;
Which Duties are, Sir, to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; and when we expoſe
Our deareſt Lives to ſave your Intereſt,
We do but what we ought.

King. Y'are welcome hither
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
Still to advance thy growth: And, noble *Banquo*,
(Who haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt partake
Leſs of our favour,) let me here enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My joys are now
Wanton in fulneſs; and wou'd hide themſelves
In drops of Sorrow. Kinſmen, Sons, and *Thanes*;
And you, whoſe places are the neareſt, know
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our Eldeſt, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: nor muſt he wear
His Honours unaccompany'd by others,
But marks of Nobleneſs, like Stars, ſhall ſhine
On all Deſervers. Now we'll haſten hence
To *Enverneſs*: we'll be your Gueſt, *Macbeth*,
And there contract a greater debt than that
Which I already owe you.

Macb. That Honour, Sir,
Out-ſpeaks the beſt expreſſion of my thanks:
I'll be my ſelf the Harbinger, and bleſs
My Wife with the glad news of your approach.
I humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!* —— { Macbeth *going out, ſtops, and ſpeaks, whilſt the King talks with* Banq. &c.

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland!* that is a ſtep
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap;

For

For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your fires,
Let no Light see my black and deep desires.
The strange Idea of a bloudy act
Does into doubt all my Resolves distract.
My Eye shall at my Hand connive, the Sun
Himself should wink when such a deed is done —— [*Exit.*

King. True, Noble *Banquo*, he is full of worth;
And with his Commendations I am fed;
It is a feast to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
He is a matchless Kinsman —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and Lady* Macduff: *Lady* Macbeth *having a Letter in her hand.*

La. Macb. Madam, I have observ'd since you came hither,
You have been still disconsolate. Pray tell me,
Are you in perfect health?

La. Macd. Alas! how can I?
My Lord, when Honour call'd him to the War,
Took with him half of my divided Soul,
Which lodging in his bosom, lik'd so well
The place, that 'tis not yet return'd.

La. Macb. Methinks
That should not disorder you, for no doubt
The brave *Macduff* left half his Soul behind him,
To make up the defect of yours.

La. Macd. Alas!
The part transplanted from his Breast to mine,
(As 'twere by Sympathy) still bore a share
In all the hazards which the other half
Incurr'd, and fill'd my bosom up with fears.

La. Macb. Those fears, methinks, should cease now he is safe.

La. Macd. Ah, Madam, dangers which have long prevail'd
Upon the fancy, even when they are dead,
Live in the memory awhile.

La. Macb. Although his safety has not power to put
Your doubts to flight, yet the bright Glories which
He gain'd in Battel might dispel those Clouds.

La. Macd. The World mistakes the Glories gain'd in war,
Thinking their Lustre true: alas, they are
But Comets, Vapours! by some men exhal'd
From others Bloud, and kindl'd in the Region
Of popular applause, in which they live
Awhile, then vanish: and the very Breath
Which first inflam'd them, blows them out again.

La. Macb. I willingly would read this Letter, but
Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.
If you are ill, Repose may do you good;
You'd best retire; and try if you can sleep.

La. Macd.

La. Macd. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me waking.
Madam, I'll take your Counſel.—— [*Ex. La.* Macd.

La. Macb. Now I have leiſure to peruſe this Letter.
His laſt brought ſome imperfect news of things
Which in the ſhape of Women greeted him
In a ſtrange manner. This perhaps may give
More full Intelligence.

Reads. *They met me in the day of Succeſs; and I have been told they have more in them than mortal Knowledge. When I deſir'd to queſtion them further, they made themſelves Air. While I entertained my ſelf with the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who call'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor: *by which Title theſe weyward Siſters had ſaluted me before, and referr'd me to the coming on of time; with, Hail King that ſhalt be. This have I imparted to thee, (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe thy right of rejoycing by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it to thy Heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: Yet I fear thy Nature
Has too much of the milk of human kindneſs
To take the neareſt way: Thou would'ſt be great;
Thou doſt not want Ambition, but the Ill
Which ſhould attend it: what thou highly covet'ſt
Thou covet'ſt holily: Alas! thou art
Loth to play falſe; and yet would'ſt wrongly win!
Oh how irregular are thy Deſires?
Thou willingly, Great *Glamis*, would'ſt enjoy
The end without the means! Oh haſte thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thy ear:
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
Thy too effeminate deſires of that
Which ſupernatural aſſiſtance ſeems
To Crown thee with. What may be your news?

Enter Servant.

Serv. The King comes hither to night.

La. Macb. Th'art mad to ſay it:
Is not thy Maſter with him? were this true,
He would give notice for the preparation.

Serv. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming;
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his Meſſage.

La. Macb. See him well look'd to: he brings welcome news.
There wou'd be Muſick in a Raven's voice,
Which ſhould but croke the Entrance of the King
Under my Battlements. Come all you Spirits

That wait on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
Empty my Nature of Humanity,
And fill it up with Cruelty: make thick
My Blood, and ſtop all paſſage to remorſe;
That no relapſes into Mercy may
Shake my deſign, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripen'd to effect; you murthering Spirits,
(Where-e'er in ſightleſs ſubſtances you wait
On Nature's miſchief) come, and fill my Breaſts
With gall inſtead of milk; make haſte, dark night,
And hide me in a Smoak as black as Hell;
That my keen ſteel ſee not the wound it makes:
Nor Heav'n peep through the curtains of the dark,
To cry, hold! hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis*! worthy *Cawdor*!
Greater than both, by the all-Hail hereafter;
Thy Letters have tranſported me beyond
My preſent poſture; I already feel
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt Love,
Duncan comes here to night.

La. Macb. When goes he hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.

La. Macb. O never!
Never may any Sun that morrow ſee.
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where Men
May read ſtrange matters to beguile the time.
Be chearful, Sir; bear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: Look like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't: He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: And you ſhall put
This night's great buſ'neſs into my diſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our future nights and days
Give ſoveraign Command: we will withdraw,
And talk on't further: Let your looks be clear,
Your change of Count'nance does betoken fear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, *and Attendants.*

King. This Caſtle has a very pleaſant ſeat;
The Air does ſweetly recommend it ſelf
To our delighted Senſes.

Banq. The Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting *Martin*, by his choice
Of this place for his Manſion, ſeems to tell us,
That here Heav'ns breath ſmells pleaſantly. No window,
Buttrice, nor place of vantage, but this Bird
Has made his pendent bed and cradle, where

He

He breeds and haunts. I have obſerv'd the Air,
'Tis delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, ſee our honoured Hoſteſs!
By loving us, ſome perſons cauſe our trouble;
Which ſtill we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid us welcome for your pains,
And thank you for your trouble.

La. Macb. All our ſervices
In every point twice done, would prove but poor
And ſingle Gratitude, if weigh'd with theſe
Obliging Honours, which
Your Majeſty confers upon our Houſe;
For Dignities of old and later date
(Being too poor to pay) we muſt be ſtill
Your humble Debtors.

Macd. Madam we are all jointly, to Night, your Trouble;
But I am your Treſpaſſer upon another ſcore.
My Wife, I underſtand, has in my Abſence
Retir'd to you.

La. Macb. I muſt thank her: for whilſt ſhe came to me,
Seeking a Cure for her own Solitude,
She brought a Remedy to mine: Her Fears
For you have ſomewhat indiſpos'd her, Sir,
She's now withdrawn, to try if ſhe can ſleep:
When ſhe ſhall wake, I doubt not but your Preſence
Will perfectly reſtore her Health.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor*?
We cours'd him at the Heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great Love (ſharp as his Spur) has brought him
Hither before us. Fair and Noble Lady,
We are your Gueſts to Night.

La. Macb. Your Servants
Should make their Audit at your Pleaſure, Sir,
And ſtill return it as their Debt.

King. Give me your Hand.
Conduct me to *Macbeth*: we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our Affection to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were well when done, then it were well
It were done quickly; if his Death might be
Without the Death of Nature in my ſelf,
And killing my own Reſt, it wou'd ſuffice;
But deeds of this Complexion ſtill return
To plague the Doer, and deſtroy his Peace:
Yet let me think; he's here in double Truſt.
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subject,

Strong both againſt the Deed: then as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murderer ſhut the Door,
Not bear the Sword my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Has born his Faculties ſo meek, and been
So clear in his great Office; that his Virtues,
Like Angels, plead againſt ſo black a deed;
Vaulting Ambition! thou o'er-leap'ſt thy ſelf
To fall upon another: now, what News?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. H' has almoſt ſupp'd: why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Has he enquir'd for me?

La. Macb. You know he has!

Macb. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſs:
H'has honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of People.
Which ſhould be worn now in their neweſt Gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

La. Macb. Was the Hope drunk
Wherein you dreſs'd your ſelf? has it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo pale and fearful
At what it wiſh'd ſo freely? Can you fear
To be the ſame in your own Act and Valour,
As in Deſire you are? would you enjoy
What you repute the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in your own Eſteem?
You dare not venture on the thing you wiſh:
But ſtill wou'd be in tame expectance of it.

Macb. I prithee peace: I dare do all that may
Become a man; he who dares more, is none.

La. Macb. What Beaſt then made you break this Enterprize
To me? when you did that, you were a Man:
Nay, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the Man. Nor Time nor Place
Did then adhere; and yet you wiſh'd for both;
And now th'have made themſelves, how you betray
Your Cowardize? I've given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my Face,
Have pluck'd my Nipple from his boneleſs Gums,
And daſh'd the Brains out, had I ſo reſolv'd,
As you have done for this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail.——

La. Macb. How, fail!——
Bring but your Courage to the fatal place,
And we'll not fail; when *Duncan* is a-ſleep,
(To which the pains of this day's journey will
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
I will with wine and waſſel ſo convince,

That

That Memory (the centry of the Brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of Reaſon,
A Limbeck only: When in ſwiniſh Sleep
Their Natures ſhall lie drench'd, as in their Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
His ſpungy Officers? we'll make them bear
The guilt of our black Deed.
Macb. Bring forth Men-children only;
For thy undaunted temper ſhould produce
Nothing but Males: But yet when we have mark'd
Thoſe of his Chamber (while they are a-ſleep)
With *Duncan*'s blood, and us'd their very daggers;
I fear it will not be, with eaſe, believ'd
That they have don't.
La. Macb. Who dares believe it otherwiſe,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamours loud
After his death?
Macb. I'm ſetl'd, and will ſtretch up
Each fainting Sinew to this bloody act.
Come, let's delude the time with faireſt ſhow,
Feign'd Looks muſt hide what the falſe Heart does know.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo *and* Flean.

Banq. HOW goes the Night, Boy?
Flean. I have not heard the Clock,
But the Moon is down.
Banq. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Flea. I take't 'tis late, Sir. [*Ex. Flean.*
Banq. An heavy Summons lies like lead upon me;
Nature wou'd have me ſleep, and yet I fain wou'd wake:
Merciful pow'rs reſtrain me in theſe curſed Thoughts
That thus diſturb my reſt.

Enter Macbeth *and Servant.*

Who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed;
He has been to night in an unuſual pleaſure:
He to your Servants has been bountiful,
And with this Diamond he greets your Wife
By the obliging name of moſt kind Hoſteſs.
Macb. The King taking us unprepar'd, reſtrain'd our power
Of ſerving him; which elſe ſhould have wrought more free.

Banq.

Banq. All's well.
I dream'd last Night of the three weyward Sisters;
To you they have shewn some Truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an Hour or two,
We'll spend it in some Words upon that Business.
Banq. At your kindest Leisure.
Macb. If when the Prophecy begins to look like Truth
You will adhere to me, it shall make Honour for you.
Banq. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still
Keeping my Bosom free, and my Allegiances clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while.
Banq. The like to you, Sir. [*Ex. Banquo.*
Macb. Go bid your Mistress, when she is undrest,
To strike the Closet-bell, and I'll go to bed.
Is this a Dagger which I see before me?
The Hilt draws towards my hand; come, let me grasp thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still;
Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or, art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation
Proceeding from the Brain, oppress with Heat.
My Eyes are made the Fools of th'other Senses;
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy Blade are stains of reeking Blood.
It is the bloody Business that thus
Informs my eye-sight; now, to half the World
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams infect
The Health of Sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s Offerings; now Murder is
Alarm'd by his Nights Centinel, the Wolf,
Whose howling seems the Watch-word to the dead:
But whilst I talk, he lives: hark, I am summon'd;
O *Duncan*, hear it not, for 'tis a Bell
That rings my Coronation, and thy Knell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La Macb. That which hath made them drunk, has made me bold;
What has quench'd them, hath given new Fire to me.
Hearк; oh, it was the Owl that shriek'd;
The fatal Bell-Man, that oft bids good night
To dying Men, he is about it; the Doors are open,
And whilst the surfeited Grooms neglect their Charges for sleep,
Nature and Death are now contending in them.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?
La. Macb. Alas, I am afraid they are awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt without the Deed

Would

Would ruin us. I laid the Daggers ready,
He could not miss them; and had he not resembl'd
My Father, as he slept, I would have don't.
My Husband.
Macb. I have done the Deed, didst thou not hear a Noise?
La. Macb. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macd. When?
La. Macb. Now.
Macb. Who lies i'th' Anti-Chamber?
La. Macb. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a dismal Sight.
La. Macb. A foolish Thought to say a dismal Sight.
Macb. There is one did laugh as he securely slept,
And one cry'd Murder, that they wak'd each other.
I stood and heard them; but they said their Prayers,
And then addrest themselves to Sleep again.
La. Macb. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, Heav'n bless us, the other said, *Amen*;
As they had seen me with these Hang-mans Hands.
Silenc'd with fear, I cou'd not say *Amen*,
When they did say Heav'n bless us.
La. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But, wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen*?
I had most need of Blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my Throat.
La. Macb. These Deeds shou'd be forgot as soon as done,
Lest they distract the Doer.
Macb. Methoughts I heard a Noise cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth has murder'd Sleep, the innocent Sleep;
Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care;
The Death of each Day's Life; tir'd Labours bath;
Balm of hurt Minds; great Nature's second Course;
Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.
La. Macb. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the House.
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.
La. Macb. Why do you dream thus? go, get some Water,
And cleanse this filthy witness from your Hands.
Why did you bring the Daggers from the place?
They must be there, go carry them, and stain
The sleepy Grooms with Blood.
Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done.
What then, with looking on it, shall I do?
La. Macb. Give me the Daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as Pictures; 'tis the eye of Childhood

That

That fears a painted Devil: with his Blood
I'll ſtain the faces of the Grooms; by that
It will appear their Guilt. [*Ex. La. Macbeth.*
Macb. What knocking's that? [*Knock within.*
How is't with me, when ev'ry Noiſe affrights me?
What Hands are here! can the Sea afford
Water enough to waſh away theſe Stains?
No, they would ſooner add a Tincture to
The Sea, and turn the green into a red.
Enter Lady Macbeth.
La. Macb. My Hands are of your Colour; but I ſcorn
To wear an Heart ſo white. Heark, [*Knock.*
I hear a knocking at the Gate: to your Chamber;
A little Water clears us of this Deed.
Your Fear has left you unman'd; heark, more knocking.
Get on your Gown, leſt occaſions call us,
And ſhew us to be Watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your Thoughts. [*Exit.*
Macb. Diſguis'd in Blood, I ſcarce can find my Way.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking, wou'd thou could'ſt. [*Exit.*
Enter Lenox *and* Macbeth's *Servant.*
Lenox. You ſleep ſoundly, that ſo much knocking
Could not wake you.
Serv. Labour by Day cauſes Reſt by Night.
Enter Macduff.
Len. See the Noble *Macduff!*
Good morrow, my Lord, have you obſerv'd
How great a Miſt does now poſſeſs the Air?
It makes me Doubt whether't be Day or Night.
Macd. Riſing this Morning early, I went to look out of my
Window, and I cou'd ſcarce ſee farther than my Breath:
The Darkneſs of the Night brought but few Objects
To our Eyes, but too many to our Ears.
Strange Claps and creekings of the Doors were heard;
The *Screech-Owl* with his ſcreams ſeem'd to foretel
Some deed more black than Night.
Enter Macbeth.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to attend him early;
I have almoſt ſlip'd the Hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful Trouble to you.
Macb. The Labour we delight in gives Eaſe to it ſelf.
That Door will bring you to him.
Macd. I'll make bold to call; for 'tis my limited Service. [*Ex. Macd.*
Len. Goes the King hence to Day?
Macb. So he deſigns.

Len.

Len. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down;
And, as they ſay, terrible groanings were heard i'th' Air:
Strange ſcreams of Death, which ſeem'd to propheſie
More ſtrange Events, fill'd divers Ears:
Some ſay the Earth ſhook.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Len. My young Remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror!
Which no Heart can conceive, nor Tongue can utter.
Macb. } What's the matter?
Len. }
Macd. Horror has done its worſt:
Moſt ſacrilegious Murder has broke open
The Lord's anointed Temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you ſay; the life?
Len. Meaning his Majeſty.
Macd. Approach the Chamber, and behold a ſight
Enough to turn Spectators into ſtone.
I cannot ſpeak; ſee, and then ſpeak your ſelves:
Ring the Alarum-bell: Awake, awake, [*Ex. Macb. and Len.*
Murther! Treaſon! *Banquo*, *Malcolm*, and *Donalbain*,
Shake off your downy Sleep, Death's counterfeit;
And look on Death it ſelf; up, up, and ſee,
As from your Graves, riſe up, and walk like Spirits
To countenance this horror: Ring the Bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. What's the buſineſs, that at this dead of night
You alarm us from our reſt?
Macd. O, Madam!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition in a Woman's ear
Would do another Murther.

Enter Banquo.

Oh *Banquo*, *Banquo*, our Royal Maſter's murther'd!
La. Macb. Ah me! in our houſe?
Banq. The deed's too cruel any where. *Macduff*,
Oh, that you could but contradict your ſelf,
And ſay it is not true.

Enter Macbeth *and* Lenox.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing in it worth a good Man's care;
All is but toys, Renown and Grace are dead,

Enter Malcolm *and* Donalbain.

Donal. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is ſtop'd; the very Source of it is ſtop'd
Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.
Malc. Murther'd! by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all ſtain'd with Blood:
So were their Daggers, which we found unwip'd,
Upon their Pillows. Why was the Life of one,
So much above the beſt of Men, entruſted
To the Hands of two, ſo much below
The worſt of Beaſts.
Macb. Then I repent me I ſo raſhly kill'd 'em.
Macd. Why did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together;
Loyal and neutral in a Moment? no Man.
Th' Expedition of my violent Love
Out-ran my pauſing Reaſon: I ſaw *Duncan*,
Whoſe gaping Wounds look'd like a Breach in Nature,
Where ruin enter'd there. I ſaw the Murtherers
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers,
Being yet unwip'd, ſeem'd to own the Deed,
And call for Vengeance; who could then refrain,
That had an Heart to love; and in that Heart
Courage to manifeſt his Affection.
La Macb. Oh, oh, oh. [*Faints.*
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Malc. Why are we ſilent now, that have ſo large
An Argument for Sorrow?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here, where our Fate may ruſh
Suddenly upon us, and as if it lay
Hid in ſome Corner, make our Death ſucceed
The Ruin of our Father, e'er we are aware.
Macd. I find this Place too publick for true Sorrow:
Let us retire, and mourn: But firſt,
Guarded by Virtue, I'm reſolv'd to find
The utmoſt of this Buſineſs.
Banq. And I.
Macb. And all.
Let all of us take manly Reſolution;
And two Hours hence meet together in the Hall
To queſtion this moſt bloody Fact.
Banq. We ſhall be ready, Sir. [*Ex. all but* Malc. *and* Donal.
Malc. What will you do?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt-Sorrow, is an Office
Which falſe Men do with eaſe.

I'll

I'll to *England*.

Donal. To *Ireland* I'm reſolv'd to ſteer my Courſe;
Our ſeparated Fortune may protect our Perſons.
Where we are, Daggers lie hid under Mens Smiles,
And the nearer ſome Men are allied to our Blood,
The more, I fear, they ſeek to ſhed it.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is, to avoid the Aim: then let's to horſe,
And uſe no Ceremony in taking leave of any. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lenox *and* Seaton.

Seaton. I can remember well,
Within the Compaſs of which time I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this one Night
Has made that Knowledge void.

Len. Thou ſeeſt the Heav'ns, as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten'd this bloody Daye by th'Hour 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night does cover all the Sky,
As if it had quite blotted out the Sun.
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's ſhame,
Makes Darkneſs thus uſurp the place of Light.

Seat. 'Tis ſtrange and unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done; on *Tueſday* laſt,
A *Faulcon* towring in her height of Pride,
Was by a mouſing *Owl* hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Len. And *Duncan*'s Horſes, which before were tame,
Did on a ſudden change their gentle Natures,
And became wild; they broke out of their Stables,
As if they would make war with Mankind.

Seat. 'Tis ſaid they eat each other.

Len. They did ſo,
To th' Amazement of thoſe Eyes that ſaw it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*:
How goes the World, Sir, now?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed?

Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain, are moſt ſuſpected.

Len. Alas, what good could they pretend?

Macd. It is ſuppos'd they were ſuborn'd.
Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are ſtoln away from Court,
Which puts upon them Suſpicion of the Deed.

Len. Unnatural ſtill.
Could their Ambition prompt them to deſtroy
The Means of their own Life?

Macd. You are free to judge
Of their Deportment as you pleaſe; but moſt

Men think 'em guilty.
Len. Then 'tis moſt like the Sov'raignty will fall
Upon *Macbeth.*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.
Len. Where's *Duncan*'s Body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmehill*,
The ſacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors.
Len. Will you to *Scone*?
Macd. No, Couſin, I'll to *Fife*:
My Wife and Children, frighted at the Alarm
Of this ſad News, have thither led the way,
And I'll follow them: May the King you go
To ſee inveſted, prove as great and good
As *Duncan* was; but I'm in doubt of it.
New Robes ne'er as the old ſo eaſie ſit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *An Heath.*

Enter Lady Macduff, *Maid, and Servant.*

La. Macd. Art ſure this is the Place my Lord appointed
Us to meet him?
Serv. This is the Entrance o'th' Heath; and here
He order'd me to attend him with the Chariot.
La. Macd. How fondly did my Lord conceive that we
Should ſhun the Place of danger, by our flight
From *Everneſs*? The darkneſs of the Day
Makes the Heath ſeem the gloomy Walks of Death.
We are in danger ſtill: they who dare here
Truſt Providence, may truſt it any where.
Maid. But this Place, Madam, is more free from Terror:
Laſt Night methoughts I heard a diſmal Noiſe
Of Shrieks and Groanings in the Air.
La. Macd. 'Tis true, this is a Place of greater Silence;
Not ſo much troubled with the Groans of thoſe
That die; nor with the Out-cries of the living.
Maid. Yes, I have heard Stories, how ſome Men
Have in ſuch lonely Places been affrighted
With dreadful Shapes and Noiſes [Macduff *hollows.*
La. Macd. But hark, my Lord ſure hollows;
'Tis he; anſwer him quickly.
Serv. Illo, ho, ho, ho,

Enter Macduff.

La. Macd. Now I begin to ſee him: are you afoot,
My Lord?
Macd. Knowing the way to be both ſhort and eaſie,
And that the Chariot did attend me here,
I have adventur'd. Where are our Children?
La. Macd. They are ſecurely ſleeping in the Chariot.

First

First Song by Witches.

1 *Witch.* Speak, Sister, speak; is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve Glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill Deeds are seldom slow;
Nor single: Following Crimes on former wait.
The worst of Creatures fastest propagate.
Many more Murders must this one ensue,
As if in Death were Propagation too.
2 *Witch.* He will.
1 *Witch.* He shall.
3 *Witch.* He must spill much more Blood;
And become worse, to make his Title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
4 *Witch.* Agreed.
Chorus. We shou'd rejoyce when good Kings bleed.
When Cattel die, about we go,
What then, when Monarchs perish, should we do?
Macd. What can this be?
La. Macd. This is most strange: but why seem you affraid?
Can you be capable of Fears, who have
So often caus'd it in your Enemies?
Macd. It was an hellish Song: I cannot dread
Ought that is Mortal; but this is something more.

Second Song.

Let's have a Dance upon the Heath;
We gain more Life by Duncan's *Death,*
Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,
Having no Musick but our mew.
Sometimes we dance in some old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel.
To some old Saw, or Bardish Rhime,
Where still the Mill-Clack does keep Time.
Sometimes about an hollow Tree,
A round, a round, a round dance we.
Thither the chirping Cricket comes,
And Beetle, singing drowsie hums.
Sometimes we dance o'er Fens and Furs,
To Howls of Wolves, and Barks of Curs.
And when with none of those we meet,
We dance to th' Ecchoes of our Feet.
At the Night-Raven's dismal Voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoyce;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still
To th' Ecchoes from an hollow Hill.

Macd.

Macd. I am glad you are not affraid.
La. Macd. I would not willingly to Fear ſubmit:
None can fear Ill, but thoſe that merit it.
Macd. Am I made bold by her? how ſtrong a Guard
Is Innocence? If any one would be
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;
Virtue both Courage is, and Safety too. [*Dance of Witches.*

Enter two Witches.

Macd. Theſe ſeem foul Spirits; I'll ſpeak to 'em.
If you can any thing by more than Nature know,
You may in theſe prodigious times foretell
Some ill we may avoid.
1 *Witch.* Saving thy Blood will cauſe it to be ſhed;
2 *Witch.* He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou firſt haſt bled.
3 *Witch.* Thy Wife ſhall, ſhunning Danger, Dangers find,
And fatal be, to whom ſhe moſt is kind. [*Ex. Witches.*
La Macd. Why are you alter'd, Sir? be not ſo thoughtful:
Meſſengers of Darkneſs never ſpake
To Men, but to deceive them.
Macd. Their Words ſeem to foretell ſome dire Predictions.
La Macd. He that believes ill News from ſuch as theſe,
Deſerves to find it true. Their Words are like
Their Shape; nothing but Fiction.
Let's haſten to our Journey.
Macd. I'll take your Counſel; for to permit
Such Thoughts upon our Memories to dwell,
Will make our Minds the Regiſters of Hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. THou haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the three Siſters promis'd; but I fear
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: Yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity;
But that my ſelf ſhould be the Root and Father
Of many Kings; they told thee Truth.
Why, ſince their Promiſe was made good to thee,
May they not be my Oracles as well.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

Macd. Here's our chief Gueſt; if he had been forgotten,
It had been want of Muſick to our Feaſt.
To Night we hold a ſolemn Supper, Sir;
And all requeſt your Preſence.
Banq. Your Majeſty lays your Command on me,
To which my Duty is to obey.
Macd. Ride you this Afternoon?

Banq.

Banq. Yes, Royal Sir.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good Advice,
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous)
In this Day's Counſel; but we'll take to Morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Banq. As far, Great Sir, as will take up the Time
Twixt this and Supper; and go not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or two.
Macb. Fail not our Feaſt.
Banq. My Lord, I ſhall not.
Macb. We hear our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel Parricide; filling their Hearers
With ſtrange Invention. But, of that to Morrow.
Goes your Son with you?
Banq. He does; and our time now calls upon us.
Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot.
Farewel. [*Ex.* Banquo.
Let every Man be Maſter of his Time;
Till ſeven at Night, to make Society
The more welcome; we will our ſelves withdraw,
And be alone till Supper. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macduff departed frowningly, perhaps
He is grown jealous; he and *Banquo* muſt
Embrace the ſame Fate.
Do thoſe Men attend our Pleaſure?
Serv. They do; and wait without.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Ex. Servant.*
I am no King till I am ſafely ſo.
My Fears ſtick deep in *Banquo's* Succeſſors;
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which wou'd be fear'd. He dares do much;
And to that dauntleſs Temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wiſdom that doth guide his Valour
To act in Safety. Under him
My Genius is rebuk'd: he chid the Siſters
When firſt they put the Name of King on me,
And bade them ſpeak to him. Then, Prophet like,
They hail'd him Father to a Line of Kings,
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Hand:
Thence to be wreſted by anothers race;
No Son of mine ſucceeding: If't be ſo;
For *Banquo's* Iſſue, I have ſtain'd my Souſ:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* I have murder'd:
Rather than ſo, I will attempt yet further,

And blot out, by their Blood, what-e'er
Is written of them in the Book of Fate.

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Wait you without, and ſtay there till we call. [*Ex. Servant.*
Was it not Yeſterday we ſpoke together?

1 *Murth.* It was; ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb. And have you ſince conſider'd what I told you?
How it was *Banquo*, who in former Times
Held you ſo much in Slavery;
Whilſt you were guided to ſuſpect my Innocence.
This I made good to you in our laſt Conference;
How you were born in hand; how croſt:
The Inſtruments, who wrought with them.

2 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and now let me reaſon with you.
Do you find your Patience ſo predominant
In your Nature,
As tamely to remit thoſe Injuries?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd to pray for this good Man,
And for his Iſſue; whoſe heavy Hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and beggar'd
Yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue you go for Men;
As Hounds, and Grey-Hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curr,
Shoughs, Water-Rugs, and Demi-Wolves, are all
Call'd by the name of Dogs: the Liſt of which
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtil,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the Gift which bounteous Nature
Hath beſtow'd on him; and ſo of Men.
Now, if you have a Station in the Liſt,
Nor i'th' worſt Rank of Manhood; ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſs in your Boſoms,
Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your Enemy,
And will endear you to the love of us.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows, and Malice of the Age
Hath ſo incens'd, that I care not what I do
To ſpight the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, and ſo inflicted by Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or to loſe it.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and though I could
With open Power take him from my Sight,

And bid my Will avouch it; yet I muſt not;
For certain Friends, that are both his and mine,
Whoſe Loves I may not hazard, would ill
Reſent a publick Proceſs: and thence it is
That I do your Aſſiſtance crave, to maſk
The Buſineſs from the common Eye.
2 Mur. We ſhall, my Lord, perform what you command us.
1 Mur. Though our Lives——
Mach. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this Hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves;
For it muſt be done to Night:
And ſomething from the Palace; always remember'd,
That you keep Secrecy with the preſcribed Father.
Fleau his Son too keeps him company,
Whoſe Abſence is no leſs material to me
Than that of *Banquo*'s; he too muſt embrace the Fate
Of that dark Hour. Reſolve your ſelves apart.
Both Mur. We are reſolv'd, my Liege.
Mach. I'll call upon you ſtreight. [*Ex. Murth.*
Now, *Banquo*, if thy Soul can in her flight
Find Heaven, thy Happineſs begins to Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Macduff, *and Lady* Macduff.

Macd. It muſt be ſo. Great *Duncan's* bloody Death
Can have no other Author but *Macbeth.*
His Dagger now is to a Scepter grown;
From *Duncan's* Grave he has deriv'd his Throne.
La. Macd. Ambition urg'd him to that bloody Deed:
May you be never by Ambition led:
Forbid it Heav'n, that in Revenge you ſhou'd
Follow a Copy that is writ in Blood.
Macd. From *Duncan's* Grave, methinks, I hear a Groan
That call's aloud for Juſtice.
La. Macd. If the Throne
Was by *Macbeth* ill gained, Heav'ns may,
Without your Sword, ſufficient Vengeance pay.
Uſurpers Lives have but a ſhort extent,
Nothing lives long in a ſtrange Element.
Macd. My Country's Dangers call for my Defence
Againſt the bloody Tyrant's Violence
La. Macd. I am afraid you have ſome other end,
Than meerly *Scotland's* Freedom to defend.
You'd raiſe your ſelf, whilſt you wou'd him dethrone;
And ſhake his Greatneſs, to confirm your own.
That purpoſe will appear, when rightly ſcan'd,
But Uſurpation at the ſecond Hand.
Good Sir, recall your Thoughts.
Macd. What if I ſhou'd

Assume the Scepter for my Country's good?
Is that an Usurpation? can it be
Ambition to procure the Liberty
Of this sad Realm; which does by Treason bleed?
That which provokes, will justifie the Deed.
La. Macd. If the Design should prosper, the Event
May make us safe, but not you Innocent:
For whilst, to set our Fellow-Subjects free
From present Death, or future Slavery,
You wear a Crown, not by your Title due,
Defence in them, is an Offence in you;
That Deed's unlawful though it cost no Blood,
In which you'll be at best unjustly Good.
You, by your Pity, which for us you plead,
Weave but Ambition of a finer Thread.
Macd. Ambition do's the height of Power affect,
My Aim is not to govern, but protect:
And he is not ambitious, that declares
He nothing seeks of Scepters but their Cares.
La. Macd. Can you so patiently your self molest,
And lose your own, to give your Country Rest!
In Plagues, what sound Physician wou'd endure
To be infected for another's Cure.
Macd. If by my Troubles I cou'd yours release,
My Love wou'd turn those Torments to my Ease;
I shou'd at once be sick and healthy too,
Though sickly in my self, yet well in you.
La. Macd. But then reflect upon the Danger, Sir,
Which you by your aspiring wou'd incur.
From Fortune's Pinacle you will too late
Look down, when you are giddy with your Height:
Whilst you with Fortune play to win a Crown,
The Peoples Stakes are greater than your own.
Macd. In hopes to have the common Ills redrest,
Who wou'd not venture single Interest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentleman, just now arriv'd
From Court, has brought a Message from the King.
Macd. One sent from him, can no good Tidings bring?
La Macd. What wou'd the Tyrant have?
Macd. Go, I will hear
The News, though it a dismal Accent bear;
Those who expect and do not fear their Doom,
May hear a Message though from Hell it come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

La. Macb. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
Ser. Yes, Madam, but returns again to Night.
La. Macb. Say to the King, I wou'd attend his leisure
For a few Words. [*Exit Ser.*

Where

Where our Deſire is got without Content,
Alas, it is not Gain, but Puniſhment!
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by Deſtruction live in doubtful Joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Making the worſt of Fancy your Companions,
Converſing with thoſe Thoughts which ſhou'd have dy'd
With thoſe they think on: Things without redreſs
Shou'd be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. Alas, we have but ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe and be her ſelf, whilſt our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Sting.
But let the Frame of all things be disjoynt
E'er we will eat our Bread in Fear, and ſleep
In the Affliction of thoſe horrid Dreams
That ſhake us nightly! Better be with him
Whom we, to gain the Crown, have ſent to Peace;
Than on the Torture of the Mind to lye
In reſtleſs Agony. *Duncan* is dead;
He, after Life's ſhort Feaver, now ſleeps well:
Treaſon has done its worſt; nor Steel, nor Poiſon,
Nor Foreign Force, nor yet Domeſtick Malice,
Can touch him further.

La. Macb. Come on, ſmoothyour rough Brow:
Be free and merry with your Gueſts to Night.

Macb. I ſhall, and ſo I pray be you; but ſtill
Remember to apply your ſelf to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Kindneſs with your Eye and Tongue.
In how unſafe a Poſture are our Honour
That we muſt have recourſe to Flattery,
And make our Faces Vizors to our Hearts?

La. Macb. You muſt leave this.

Macb. How full of Scorpions is my Mind? Dear Wife
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* lives.

La. Macb. But they are not Immortal, there's Comfort yet in that.

Macb. Be merry then, for e'er the *Bat* has flown
His Cloyſter'd flight; e'er to black *Hecate*'s Summons,
The ſharp brow'd Beetle with his drowſie hums,
Has rung Night's ſecond Peal;
There ſhall be done a deed of dreadful Note.

La. Macb. What is't?

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my Dear,
Till thou applaud the Deed. Come, diſmal Night,
Cloſe up the eye of the quick-ſighted Day
With thy inviſible and bloody Hand.
The Crow makes wing to the thick ſhady Grove,
Good things of Day grow dark and overcaſt,

Whilſt Night's black Agents to their Preys make haſte,
Thou wonder'ſt at my Language, wonder ſtill,
Things ill begun, ſtrengthen themſelves by ill. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* The time is almoſt come,
The *Weſt* yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day,
Now the benighted Traveller ſpurs on,
To gain the timely Inn.

2 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horſes, and ſaw ſome Body alight
At the Park-gate.

3 *Mur.* Then tis he; the reſt
That are expected are i'th' Court already.

1 *Mur.* His Horſes go about almoſt a Mile,
And Men from hence to th' *Palace* make it their uſual Walk. [*Ex.*

Enter Banquo *and* Flean.

Banquo. It will be Rain to night.

Flean. We muſt make haſte.

Banq. Our haſte concerns us more than being wet.
The King expects me at his Feaſt to Night,
To which he did invite me with a Kindneſs,
Greater than he was wont to expreſs. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Murtherers with drawn Swords.

1 *Mur.* *Banquo*, thou little think'ſt what bloody Feaſt
Is now preparing for thee.

2 *Mur.* Nor to what Shades the darkneſs of this night
Shall lead thy wondring Spirit. [*Exeunt after* Banquo.

[*Claſhing of Swords is heard from within.*

Re-enter Flean *purſu'd by one of the Murtherers.*

Flean Murther, help, help, my Father's kill'd. [*Exe. running.*

SCENE *opens, a Banquet prepar'd.*

Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth Seaton, Lenox. *Lords, Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own Degrees, ſit down.

Seat. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Our ſelf will keep you Company,
And play the humble Hoſt to entertain you:
Our Lady keeps her State; but you ſhall have her welcome too.

La. Macb. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. Both ſides are even; be free in Mirth, anon
We'll drink a meaſure about the Table.
There's Blood upon thy Face. [*To the Murtherer.*

Mur. Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut: that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt of Cut-throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for *Flean*.

Mur. Moſt Royal Sir he 'ſcap'd.

Macb.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again, I had elſe been perfect,
Firm as a Pillar founded on a Rock!
As unconfin'd as the free ſpreading Air.
But now I'm check'd with ſawcy Doubts and Fears.
But *Banquo's* ſafe?
Mur. Safe in a Ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping Wounds upon his Head,
The leaſt of which was mortal.
Macb. There the ground Serpent lies; the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed.
Though at preſent it wants a Sting, to morrow,
To morrow you ſhall hear further. [*Exit Mur.*
La. Macb. My Royal Lord, you ſpoil the Feaſt,
The Sauce to Meat is Chearfulneſs.
Enter the Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*
Macb. Let good Digeſtion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.
Len. May it pleaſe your Highneſs to ſit.
Macb. Had we but here our Country's Honour;
Were the grac'd Perſon of our *Banquo* preſent,
Whom we may juſtly challenge for Unkindneſs.
Seat. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe; pleaſe your Highneſs
To grace us with your Company?
Macb. Yes I'll ſit down. The Table's full.
Len. Here is a Place reſerv'd, Sir:
Macb. Where, Sir?
Len. Here. What is't that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. Done what?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it; never ſhake
Thy goary Locks at me.
Seat. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſs is not well.
La. Macb. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his Youth: Pray keep your Seats,
The fit is ever ſudden, if you take notice of it,
You ſhall offend him, and provoke his paſſion;
In a moment he'll be well again.
Are you a Man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on that
Which wou'd diſtract the Devil.
La. Macb. O proper ſtuff:
This is the very painting of our fear:
This is the Air-drawn Dagger, which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O theſe Fits and Starts,
(Impoſtors to true Fear) wou'd well become
A Woman's ſtory, authoriz'd by her Grandam,
Why do you ſtare thus? when all's done
You look but on a Chair.

Macb.

Macb. Prethee ſee there, how ſay you now?
Why, what care I, if thou canſt nod; ſpeak too.
If Charnel-houſes and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of Kites.

La. Macb. What, quite unman'd in Folly? [*The Ghoſt deſcends.*

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw it.

La. Macb. Fye for Shame.

Macb. Tis not the firſt of Murders; Blood was ſhed
E'er human Law decreed it for a Sin.
Ay, and ſince Murthers too have been committed
Too terrible for th' Ear. The times have been,
That when the Brains were out, the Man wou'd dye,
And there lye ſtill; but now they riſe again,
And thruſt us from our Seats.

La Macb. Sir, your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. Wonder not at me, my moſt worthy Friends,
I have a ſtrange Infirmity; tis nothing
To thoſe that know me. Give me ſome Wine,
Here's to the general Joy of all the Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs,
Wou'd he were: to all, and him, we drink.

Lords. Our Duties are to pledge it. [*The Ghoſt of* Banq. *riſes at his feet.*

Macb. Let the Earth hide thee; thy Blood is cold,
Thou haſt no uſe now of thy glaring Eyes.

La. Macb. Think of this, good my Lords, but as a thing
Of Cuſtom; 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the Pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What Man can dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* Bear,
The Arm'd *Rhinoceros*, or the *Hircanian* Tigre:
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble; Or revive a while,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword,
If any Sinew ſhrink, proclaim me then
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow. [*Ex. Ghoſt.*
So, now I am a Man again: pray you ſit ſtill.

La. Macb. You have diſturb'd the Mirth;
Broke the glad Meeting with your wild Diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be without Aſtoniſhment?
You make me ſtrange,
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch Sights,
And keep the Natural Colour of your Cheeks,
Whilſt mine grew pale with Fear.

Seat. What Sights?

La. Macb. I pray you ſpeak not, he'll grow worſe and worſe;

Queſtions

Queſtions enrage him: At once good night;
Stand not upon the Order of your going.
Len. Good night, and better Health attend his Majeſty.
La. Macb. A kind good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have Blood, they ſay. Blood will have Blood.
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to ſpeak.
Augures well read in Languages of Birds,
By *Magpyes*, *Rooks* and *Dawes*, have reveal'd
The ſecret Murther. How goes the Night?
La. Macb. Almoſt at odds with Morning, which is which.
Macb. Why did *Macduff*, after a ſolemn Invitation,
Deny his Preſence at our Feaſt?
La. Macb. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Macb. I did; but I'll ſend again:
There's not one great *Thane* in all *Scotland*,
But in his Houſe I keep a Servant:
He and *Banquo* muſt embrace the ſame Fate.
I will to morrow to the Weyward Siſters,
They ſhall tell me more; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt Means, the worſt that can befal me:
All Cauſes ſhall give way; I am in Blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as bad, as to go o're.
La. Macb. You lack the ſeaſon of all Natures, Sleep.
Macb. Well, I'll in
And reſt; if ſleeping I repoſe can have,
When the Dead riſe, and want it in the Grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macduff *and his Lady.*

La. Macd. Are you reſolv'd then to be gone?
Macd. I am:
I know my Anſwer cannot but inflame
The Tyrant's fury to pronounce my Death,
My Life will ſoon be blaſted by his Breath.
La. Macd. But why ſo far as *England* muſt you fly?
Macd. The fartheſt part of *Scotland* is too nigh.
La. Macd. Can you leave me, your Daughter and young Son,
To peirſh by that Tempeſt which you ſhun?
When Birds of ſtronger Wing are fled away,
The Rav'nous *Kite* do's on the weaker prey.
Macd. He will not injure you, he cannot be
Poſſeſt with ſuch unmanly Cruelty:
You will your Safety to your Weakneſs owe,
As Graſs eſcapes the Scyth by being low.
Together we ſhall be too ſlow to fly:
Single we may outride the Enemy.
I'll from the *Engliſh* King ſuch Succours crave,
As ſhall revenge the Dead, and Living ſave.

My greater Misery is to remove
With all the wings of haste from what I love.
La. Macd. If to be gone seems Misery to you,
Good Sir, let us be miserable too.
Macd. Your Sex, which here is your security,
Will by the toyls of flight your Danger be. [*Enter Messenger.*
What fatal News do's bring thee out of breath?
Mess. Sir, *Banquo*'s kill'd.
Macd. Then I am warn'd of Death.
Farewell; our Safety, Us, a while must sever:
La. Macd. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.
Macd. Flying from Death, I am to Life unkind,
For leaving you, I leave my Life behind. [*Exit.*
La. Macd. Oh my dear Lord, I find, now thou art gone,
I am more Valiant when unsafe alone.
My Heart feels Manhood, it does Death despise,
Yet I am still a Woman in my eyes.
And of my Tears thy Absence is the cause,
So falls the Dew when the bright Sun withdraws. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lenox *and* Seaton.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret further; Only I say
Things have been strangely carry'd.
Duncan was pity'd, but he first was dead.
And the right Valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late:
Men must not walk so late: Who can want Sense
To know how monstrous it was in Nature,
For *Malcolme* and *Donalbain*, to kill
Their Royal Father; horrid Fact! how did
It grieve *Macbeth*, did he not straight,
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents kill
That were the slaves of Drunkenness and Sleep.
Was not that nobly done?
Seat. Ay, and wisely too:
For 'twou'd have anger'd any Loyal Heart
To hear the Men deny it.
Len. So that I say he has born all things well:
And I do think that had he *Duncan's* Sons
Under his power (as may please Heav'n he shall not)
They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.
So shou'd *Flean*: But peace; I hear *Macduffe*
Deny'd his Presence at the Feast: For which
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himself?
Seat. I hear that *Malcolme* lives i'th' *English* Court,
And is receiv'd of the most Pious *Edward*,
With such Grace, that the Malevolences of Fortune
Take nothing from his high Respect; thither
Macduff is gone to beg the Holy King's

Kind

Kind Aid, to wake *Northumberland*
And Warlike *Seyward*, and by the help of theſe,
To finiſh what they have ſo well begun.
This Report
Do's ſo exaſperate the King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of War.
Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?
Sear. He did, his abſolute Command.
Len. Some Angel fly to th' *Engliſh* Court, and tell
His Meſſage e'er he come; that ſome quick Bleſſing
To this afflicted Country may arrive,
Whilſt thoſe that merit it are yet alive. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder, Enter three Witches meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* How, *Hecate*, you look angerly?
Hec. Have I not reaſon, *Beldams*?
Why did you all Traffick with *Macbeth*
'Bout Riddles and Affairs of Death,
And call'd not me? All you have done
Hath been but for a Weyward Son:
Make ſome amends now; get you gone,
And at the Pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' Morning: Thither he
Will come to know his Deſtiny.
Dire buſineſs will be wrought e'er Noon,
For on a corner of the Moon
A drop my Spectacles have found,
I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground;
And that, diſtill'd, ſhall yet e'er night
Raiſe from the Center ſuch a Spright,
As, by the ſtrength of his Illuſion,
Shall draw *Macbeth* to his Confuſion

Muſick and Song.

HEecate, *Hecate*, *Hecate*! Oh come away:
Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit ſee,
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and ſtays for me.

Sing within. [*Machine deſcends.*

Come away *Hecate*, *Hecate*! Oh come away:
Hec. I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Where's *Stadling*?
2 *Witch.* Here.
Hec. Where's *Puckle*?
3 *Witch.* Here, and *Hopper* too, and *Helway* too.
1 *Witch.* We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the Count.
Hec. I will but Noint, and then I mount,
I will but, *&c.*

1 *Witch.* Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiſs,
A Cull, a ſip of Blood.
And why thou ſtaiſt ſo long, I muſe,
Since th' Air's ſo ſweet and good.
2 *Witch.* O art thou come; What, News?
All goes fair for our Delight,
Either come, or elſe refuſe,
Now I'm furniſh'd for the flight.
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malking, my ſweet Spirit, and I.
3 *Witch.* O what a dainty Pleaſure's this,
To ſail i'th' Air
While the Moon ſhines fair;
To Sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiſs,
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains;
Over Hills, and miſty Fountains;
Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets;
We fly by night 'mongſt troops of Spirits.
No Ring of Bells to our Ears ſounds,
No howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;
No, nor the noiſe of Waters breach,
Nor Cannons Throats our Height can reach.
1 *Witch.* Come let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again:
2 *Witch.* But whilſt ſhe moves through the foggy Air,
Let's to the Cave, and our dire Charms prepare.

ACT V. SCENE I.

1 *Witch.* THRICE the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the Hede-Pig whin'd,
Shutting his Eyes againſt the Wind.
3 *Witch.* *Harpier* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Then round about the Cauldron go,
And poiſon'd Entrails throw.
This Toad, which under Moſſy Stone
Has days and nights lain thirty one,
And ſwelter'd Venom ſleeping got,
We'l boyl in the Inchanted Pot.
All. Double double, toyl and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* The Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
Of Scuttle Fiſh the vomit black,

The

The Eye of New't, and Toe of Frog,
The Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog.
An Adder's Fork, and blind Worm's Sting,
A Lizzard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,
Shall like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, *&c.*

3 *Witch.* The Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
A Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulf
Of Cormorant and the Sea Shark,
The root of Hemlock digg'd i'th' dark.
The Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*,
With gall of Goats, and ſlips of Yew,
Pluckt when the *Moon* was in Eclipſe,
With a *Turk*'s Noſe, and *Tartar*'s Lips
The Finger of a ſtrangl'd Babe
Born of a Ditch-deliver'd Drab,
Shall make the Greuel thick and ſlab,
Adding thereto a fat *Dutchman*'s Chawdron,
For the ingredients of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, *&c.*

2 *Witch.* I'll cool it with a Babboon's Blood,
And ſo the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate *and the other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh well done, I commend your Pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare the Gains.
And now about the Cauldron ſing,
Like Elves and Fairies in a ring.

Muſick and Song.

Hec. BLack Spirits, and white,
Red Spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

1 *Witch. Tiffin, Tiffin*, keep it ſtiff in,
Fire drake *Puckey*, make it lucky:
Lyer *Robin*, you muſt bob in.

Chor. A round, a round, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1 *Witch.* Here's the Blood of a Bat!

Hec. O put in that, put in that.

2 *Witch.* Here's Lizards Brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

1. *Witch.* Here's Juice of Toad, here's Oyl of Adder
That will make the Charm grow madder.

2. *Witch.* Put in all theſe, 'twill raiſe the ſtanch;

Hec. Nay here's three ounces of a red-hair'd Wench.

Chor. *A round, a round, &c.*

2 *Witch.* I, by the pricking of my Thumbs,
Know ſomething Wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black and midnight Hags,
What are you doing?

All. A Deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profeſs,
How e'er you come to know it, anſwer me.
Though you let looſe the raging Winds to ſhake whole Towns,
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;
Though Caſtles tumble on their Warders heads;
Though Palaces and towring Piramids
Are ſwallowed up in Earth-quakes; Anſwer me.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Pronounce.

3 *Witch.* Demand.

4 *Witch.* I'll anſwer thee.

Macb. What Deſtiny's appointed for my Fate?

Hec. Thou double *Thane* and King, beware *Macduff*;
Avoiding him, *Macbeth* is ſafe enough.

Macb. What e'er thou art, for thy kind Caution, Thanks.

Hec. Be bold and bloody, and Man's Hatred ſcorn,
Thou ſhalt be harm'd by none of Woman born.

Macb. Then live *Macduff*; what need I fear thy Power?
But none can be too ſure, thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies,
And ſleep in ſpite of Thunder.

Hec. Be Confident, be Proud, and take no care
Who wages War, or where Conſpirers are,
Macbeth ſhall like a lucky Monarch Reign,
Till *Birnam* Wood ſhall come to *Dunſinain*.

Macb. Can Foreſts move? the Prophecy is good.
If I ſhall never fall till the great Wood
Of *Birnam* riſe; thou may'ſt preſume, *Macbeth*,
To live out Nature's Leaſe, and pay thy Breath
To Time and mortal Cuſtom. Yet my Heart
Longs for more Knowledge: Tell me, if your Art
Extends ſo far, ſhall *Banquo's* Iſſue o'er
This Kingdom reign?

All. Enquire no more.

Macb. I will not be deny'd. Ha! [*Cauldron ſinks.*
An eternal Curſe fall on you; let me know
Why ſinks that Cauldron, and what noiſe is this.

1 *Witch.* Appear. 2. Appear. 3. Appear.
Wound, through his Eyes, his harden'd Heart,
Like Shadows come, and ſtrait depart.

[*A Shadow of eight Kings, and* Banquo's *Ghoſt after them, paſs by.*

Macb.

Mach. Thy Crown offends my ſight. A ſecond too like the firſt:
A third reſembles him: a fourth too like the former:
Ye filthy Hags, will they ſucceed
Each other ſtill till Dooms-day?
Another yet; a ſeventh? I'll ſee no more:
And yet th' eighth appears.
Ha! the bloody *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And by his ſmiling on me, ſeems to ſay
That they are all Succeſſors of his Race.
Hec. Ay, Sir, all this is ſo: but why,
Macbeth, ſtand'ſt thou amazedly:
Come Siſters, let us chear his heart,
And ſhew the pleaſures of our Art;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your Antick Round.

[*Muſick. The Witches Dance and Vaniſh. The Cave ſinks.*

Mach. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour ſtand
Accurs'd to all Eternity. Without there.

Enter Seaton

Seat. What's your Grace's Will?
Mach. Saw you the Wayward Siſters?
Seat. No, my Lord.
Mach. Came they not by you?
Seat. By me, Sir?
Mach. Infected be the Earth in which they ſunk,
And Damn'd all thoſe that truſt 'em. Juſt now
I heard the galloping of Horſe; who was't came by?
Seat. A Meſſenger from the *Engliſh* Court, who
Brings word *Macduff* is fled to *England*.
Mach. Fled to *England*?
Seat. Ay my Lord.
Mach. Time, thou anticipat'ſt all my Deſigns.
Our Purpoſes ſeldom ſucceed, unleſs
Our Deeds go with them.
My Thoughts ſhall henceforth into Actions riſe,
The Witches made me cruel, but not wiſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macduff's *Wife and* Lenox.

La. Macd. I then was frighted with the ſad Alarm
Of *Banquo*'s Death, when I did counſel him
To fly; but now, alas! I much repent it.
What had he done to leave the Land? *Macbeth*
Did know him Innocent.
Len. You muſt have Patience, Madam.
La. Macd. He had none.
His Flight was Madneſs. When our Actions do not,
Our Fears oft make us Traitors.
Len. You know not whether it was his Wiſdom or his Fear.
La. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his Wife and Children in a place
From whence himſelf did fly? he loves us not.
He wants the natural touch: For the poor Wren,

The most diminutive of Birds, will with
The Ravenous Owl, fight stoutly for her young ones.
Len. Your Husband, Madam,
Is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the Times; when we are Traitors,
And do not know our selves; when we hold Rumor,
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent Sea.
Each way, and more, I take my way of yours
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards
To what they were before. Heav'n protect you.
La. Macd. Farewell Sir.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. Madam, a Gentleman in haste desires
To speak with you.
La. Macd. A Gentleman, admit him.

Enter Seyton,

Seyton. Though I have not the honour to be known
To you, yet I was well acquainted with
The Lord *Macduff*, which brings me here to tell you
There's danger near you, be not found here,
Fly with your little one; Heav'n preserve you,
I dare stay no longer. [*Exit* Seyton.
La. Macd. Where shall I go, and whither shall I fly?
I've done no harm; But I remember now
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm
Is often prosperous, and to do good
Accounted dangerous folly; why do I then
Make use of this so womanly defence?
I'll boldly in, and dare this new Alarm:
What need they fear whom Innocence doth arm? [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Birnam *Wood.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Macd. In these close Shades of *Birnam* Wood let us
Weep our sad Bosoms empty.
Malc. You'll think my Fortunes desperate,
That I dare meet you here upon your Summons.
Macd You should now
Take Arms to serve your Country. Each new day
New Widows mourn, new Orphans cry, and still
Changes of sorrow reach attentive Heav'n.
Malc. This Tyrant, whose foul Name blisters our Tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have lov'd him well,
He has not toucht you yet.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.

And

And yet *Macduff* may be what I did always think him,
Juſt and good.
Macd. I've loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perhaps even there where I did find my Doubts;
But let not Jealouſies be your Diſhonours,
But my own Safeties.
Macd. Bleed, Bleed, poor Country.
Great Tyranny, lay thy Foundation ſure,
Villains are ſafe when good Men are ſuſpected.
I'll ſay no more. Fare thee well young Prince,
I would not be that Traitor which thou think'ſt me
For twice *Macbeth*'s Reward of Treachery.
Malc. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you:
I think our Country ſinks beneath the Yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a Gaſh
Is added to her Wounds. I think withall
That many hands would in my Cauſe be active.
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly Thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,
Or wear it on my Sword, yet my poor Country
Will ſuffer under greater Tyranny
Than what it ſuffers now.
Macd. It cannot be.
Malc. Alas I find my Nature ſo inclin'd
To Vice, that foul *Macbeth*, when I ſhall rule,
Will ſeem as white as Snow.
Macd. There cannot in all ranſackt Hell be found
A Devil equal to *Macbeth*.
Malc. I grant him bloody, falſe, deceitful, malicious,
And participating in ſome Sins too horrid to name;
But there's no Bottom, no depths in my ill Appetite,
If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak.
Macd. O *Scotland*, *Scotland*, when ſhalt thou ſee day again!
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
Diſclaims his Virtue, to avoid the Crown!
Your Royal Father
Was a moſt Saint-like King; the Queen that bore you,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well,
Theſe Evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Have baniſht me from *Scotland*. O my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.
Malc. *Macduff*, this Noble Paſſion,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good Truth and Honour. *Macbeth*

By

By many of these Trains hath sought to win me
Into his Power; and modest Wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But now
I put my self to thy Direction, and
Unspeak mine own Detraction. I abjure
The Taunts and Blames I laid upon my self,
For Strangers to my Nature. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command.
The Gracious *Edward* has lent us *Seymour*,
And ten thousand Men. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
Are Subjects for my Wonder, not my Speech;
My Grief and Joy contesting in my Bosom,
I find that I can scarce my Tongue command.
When two Streams meet the Water's at a stand.

Malc. Assistance granted by that pious King
Must be successful; he who by his touch
Can cure our Bodies of a foul Disease,
Can by just Force subdue a Traitor's Mind;
Power supernatural is unconfin'd.

Macd. If his Compassion does on Men Disear'd
Effect such Cures; what Wonders will he do,
When to Compassion he adds Justice too? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth *and* Seaton.

Macb. Seaton, go bid the Army march.

Seat. The posture of Affairs requires your Presence.

Macb. But the Indisposition of my Wife
Detains me here.

Seat. Th' Enemy is upon our Borders, *Scotland*'s in danger.

Macb. So is my Wife, and I am doubly so.
I am sick in her, and my Kingdom too.
Seaton.

Seat. Sir

Macb. The Spur of my Ambition prompts me to go
And make my Kingdom safe; but Love, which softens me
To pity her in her distress, curbs my Resolves.

Seat. He's strangely disorder'd

Macb. Yet why should Love, since confin'd, desire
To controul Ambition, for whose spreading hopes
The World's too narrow: It shall not. Great Fires
Put out the Less. *Seaton*, go bid my Grooms
Make ready; I'll not delay my going.

Seat. I go.

Macb. Stay *Seaton*, stay, Compassion calls me back.

Seaton. He looks and moves disorderly.

Macb. I'll not go yet. { *Enter a Servant who whispers* Macbeth.

Seat. Well Sir.

Macb. Is the Queen asleep?

Seat.

Seat. What makes 'em whisper, and his Countenance change?
Prehaps some new Design has had ill Success.
Macb. Seaton, go see what posture our Affairs are in.
Seat. I shall, and give you notice, Sir. [*Exit* Seat.]

Enter Lady Macbeth

Macb. How does my Gentle Love?
La. Macb. Duncan is dead.
Macb. No words of that.
La. Macb. And yet to me he lives.
His fatal Ghost is now my Shadow, and pursues me
Where-e'er I go.
Macb. It cannot be, my Dear,
Your Fears have mis-inform'd your Eyes.
La. Macb. See there; Believe your own.
Why do you follow me? I did not do it.
Mued. Methinks there's nothing.
La. Macb. If you have Valour force him hence.
Hold, hold, he's gone. Now you look strangely.
Macb. 'Tis the strange Error of your Eyes.
La. Macb. But the strange Error of my Eyes
Proceeds from the strange Action of your Hands.
Distraction does by fits possess my Head,
Because a Crown unjustly covers it.
I stand so high that I am giddy grown.
A Mist does cover me, as Clouds the tops
Of Hills. Let us get down apace.
Macb. If by your high Ascent you giddy grow,
'Tis when you cast your Eyes on things belo w.
La. Macb. You may in Peace resign the ill-gain'd Crown.
Why should you labour still to be unjust?
There has been too much Blood already spilt.
Make not the Subjects Victims to your Guilt.
Macb. Can you think that a Crime, which you did once
Provoke me to commit? had not your Breath
Blown my Ambition up into a Flame,
Duncan had yet been living.
La. Macb. You were a Man,
And by the Charter of your Sex you shou'd
Have govern'd me; there was more Crime in you
When you obey'd my Counsels, than I contracted
By my giving it. Resign your Kingdom now,
And with your Crown put off your Guilt.
Macb. Resign the Crown, and with it both our Lives.
I must have better Counsellors.
La. Macb. What, your Witches?
Curse on your Messengers of Hell. Their Breath

Infected first my Breast: See me no more.
As King your Crown sits heavy on your Head,
But heavier on my Heart: I have had too much
Of Kings already. See the Ghost again. [*Ghost appears.*
Macb. Now she relapses.
La. Macb. Speak to him, if thou canst.
Thou look'st on me, and shew'st thy wounded Breast.
Shew it the Murderer.
Macb. Within there, Ho. [*Enter Women.*
La. Macb. Am I ta'ne Prisoner? then the Battel's lost.
[*Exit Lady* Macbeth *led out by Women.*
Macb. She does from *Duncan*'s Death to sickness grieve,
And shall from *Malcom*'s Death her Health receive.
When by a Viper bitten, nothing's good
To cure the Venom but a Viper's Blood.
Enter Malcom, Macduff; *and* Lenox *Meeting them.*
Macd. See who comes here!
Malc. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever Gentle Cousin! Welcome.
Malc. I know him now.
Kind Heav'n remove the Means that makes us Strangers.
Len. Amen.
Macd. What Looks does *Scotland* bear?
Len. Alas poor Country, almost afraid to know it self:
It can't be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile?
Where Sighs, and Groans, and Shrieks that rend the Air,
Are made, not mark'd, where violent Sorrow seems
A modern Extasie: there Bells
Are always ringing, and no Man asks for whom;
There good Mens Lives expire e'er they sicken.
Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the newest Grief?
Len. That of an hour's age is out of date,
Each Minute brings a new one.
Macd. How does my Wife?
Len. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Len. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant has not quarrell'd at their peace?
Len. No, they were well at Peace when I left 'em.
Macd. Be not so sparing of your Speech. How goes't?
Len. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many Worthy Men that rose into a head,

Which

Which was to my Belief witneſs the rather.
For that I ſaw the Tyrant's Power afoot.
Now is the time of help; your Eye in *Scotland*
Would create Soldiers, and make Women fight.
Malc. Be't their Comfort.
We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seymour*, and ten thouſand Men.
Len. Wou'd I cou'd anſwer this Comfort with the like;
But I have words,
That ſhould be utter'd in the deſart Air,
Where no Man's Ear ſhould hear 'em.
Macd. What concern they? the general cauſe,
Or is't a Grief due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Len. All honeſt Minds muſt ſhare in't;
But the main part pertains to you.
Macd. If it be mine, keep it not from me.
Len. Let not your Ears condemn my Tongue forever,
When they ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt Sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. At once I gueſs, yet am afraid to know.
Len. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your Wife and Children
Savagely Murder'd: to relate the Manner,
Were to increaſe the Butchery of them,
By adding to their fall the Death of You.
Malc. Merciful Heaven! Noble *Macduff*
Give Sorrow words; the Grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-charg'd Heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too?
Len. Your Wife, and both your Children.
Macd. And I not with them dead? Both, both my Children
Did you ſay; my Two?
Len. I have ſaid.
Macd. Be comforted;
Let's make us Cordials of our great Revenges,
To cure this deadly Grief.
Macd. He has no Children, nor can he feel
A Father's Grief: Did you ſay all my Children?
Oh helliſh ravenous Kite! all three at one ſwoop!
Malc. Diſpute it like a Man.
Macd. I ſhall.
But I muſt firſt too feel it as a Man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
And were moſt precious to me: Did Heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee; for thee they fell:
Not for their own Offences, but for thine.

Malc. Let this give Edges to our Swords; let your Tears
Become Oyl to our kindled Rage.
Macd. Oh I could play the Woman with my Eyes,
And brag on't with my Tongue; kind Heav'n, bring this
Dire Friend of *Scotland*, and my ſelf face to face,
And ſet him within the reach of my keen Sword;
And if he outlives that hour, may Heav'n, forgive
His Sins, and puniſh me for his eſcape.
Malc. Let's haſten to the Army, ſince *Macbeth*
Is ripe for fall.
Macd. Heav'n give our quarrel but as good Succeſs
As it hath Juſtice in't: Kind Powers above
Grant Peace to us, whilſt we take his away;
The Night is long that never finds a Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seaton, *and a Lady.*

Lady. I Have ſeen her riſe from her Bed, throw
Her Night-Gown on her, unlock her Cloſet,
Take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it,
Afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed,
Yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.
Seat. 'Tis ſtrange ſhe ſhould receive the Benefit
Of Sleep, and do the Effects of waking.
In this diſorder what at any time have
You heard her ſay?
Lady. That, Sir, which I will not report of her.
Seat. You may to me; and 'tis moſt meet you ſhou'd.
Lady. Neither to you, nor any one living;
Having no witneſs to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

See here ſhe comes: Obſerve her, and ſtand cloſe.
Seat. You ſee her Eyes are open.
Ln. Ay, but her Senſe is ſhut.
Seat. What is't ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her Hands.
Lady. It is an accuſtom'd action with her to ſeem
Thus waſhing her Hands, I have known
Her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
La. Macb. Yet out, out, here's a Spot.
Seat. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks.
La. Macb. Out, out, out I ſay. One, two. Nay then
'Tis time to do't: Fy my Lord, fy, a Soldier,

And

And afraid What need we fear who knows it?
There's none dares call our Power to account:
Yet who would have thought the old Man had
So much Blood in him.

Seat. Do you mark that?

La. Macb. Macduff had once a Wife; where is she now?
Will these Hands ne'er be clean? Fy my Lord,
You spoil all with this starting: Yet here's
A smell of Blood; not all the Perfumes of *Arabia*
Will sweeten this little Hand. Oh, Oh, Oh.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Donalbain *and* Flean, *met by Lenox.*

Len. Is not that *Donalbain*, and young *Flean*, *Banquo*'s Son.

Don. Who is this my worthy Friend?

Len. I by your Presence feel my hopes full blown,
Which hitherto have been but in the Bud.
What happy gale has brought you here to see,
Your Father's Death reveng'd?

Don. Hearing of Aid sent by the *English* King,
To check the Tyrant's Insolence; I am come
From *Ireland*:

Flean. And I from *France*; we are but newly met.

Don. Where's my Brother?

Len. He and the good *Macduff* are with the Army,
Behind the Wood.

Don. What do's the Tyrant now?

Len. He strongly Fortifies in *Dunsinane*;
Some say he is Mad, others, who Love him less,
Call it a Valiant Fury; but whate'er
The matter is, there is a Civil War
Within his Bosom; and he finds his Crown
Sit loose about him: His Power grows less,
His Fear grows greater still.

Don. Let's haste and meet my Brother,
My Interest is grafted into his,
And cannot grow without it.

Len. So may you both out-grow unlucky Chance,
And may the Tyrant's Fall that Groath advance.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Seaton, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more Reports: Let 'em flie all.
Till *Byrnam* Wood remove to *Dunsinane*

[illegible] Son, *Malcom*? What
[illegible] all the *English*? Are they not of Women
[illegible]? And (all Hearts) am Invincible.
[illegible] flie, false *Thanes*,
By your Revolt you have inflam'd my Rage,
And now have borrowed *English* Blood to quench it.

Enter a Messenger.

Now Friend, what means thy change of Countenance?

Mess. There are Ten Thousand, Sir.

Mach. What, Ghosts?

Mess. No, Armed men.

Mach. But such as shall be Ghosts e'er it be Night
Art thou turn'd Coward too, since I made thee Captain:
Go Blush away thy Paleness, I am sure
Thy Hands are of another Colour; thou hast Hands
Of Blood, but Looks of Milk.

Mess. The *English* Force, so please you——

Mach. Take thy Face hence.
He has Infected me with Fear:
I am sure to die by none of Woman born,
And yet the *English* Drums beat an Alarm,
As fatal to my Life as are the Crokes
Of Ravens, when they Flutter about the Windows
Of departing Men.
My Hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear:
My Subjects cry out Curses on my Name,
Which like a North-wind seem to blast my Hopes.

Seat. That Wind is a contagious Vapour exhal'd from Blood,

Enter. Second Messenger.

What News more?

2 *Mess.* All's confirm'd, my Leige, that was Reported.

Mach. And my Resolves, in spite of Fate, shall be as firmly.
Send out more Horse; and scour the Country round.
How do's my Wife?

Seat. Not so sick, my Lord, as she is troubled
With disturbing Fancies, that keep her from her Rest.

Mach. And I, methinks, am sick of her Disease:
Seaton send out; Captain, the *Thanes* flie from thee:
Wou'd she were well, I'd quickly win the Field.
Stay *Seaton*, stay, I'll bear you company.
The *English* cannot long maintain the Fight;
They come not here to Kill, but to be Slain;
Send out our Scouts.

Seat. Sir, I am gone.

Aside] Not to Obey your Orders, but the Call of Justice.
I'll to the *English* Train, whose Hopes are built

Upon

Upon their Cauſe, and not on Witches Propheſies. [Exit.
Macb. Poor *Thanes*, you vainly hope for Victory:
You'll find *Macbeth* Invincible; or if
He can be O'recome, it muſt be then
By *Birnam* Oaks, and not by *Engliſh* Men. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Malcom, Donalbain, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox, Flean, *and Soldiers.*

Malc. The Sun ſhall ſee us drain the Tyrant's Blood,
And dry up *Scotland*'s Tears: How much we are
Oblig'd to *England*, which like a kind Neighbour
Liſts us up, when we were Fall'n below,
Our own Recovery.
Seym. What Wood is this before us?
Malc. The Wood of *Birnam*.
Seym. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him: by that we may
Keep the Number of our Force undiſcover'd
By the Enemy.
Malc. It ſhall be done. We Learn no more than that
The Confident Tyrant keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*,
And will endure a Seige.
He is of late grown Conſcious of his Guilt,
Which makes him make that City his Place of Refuge.
Macd. He'll find even there but little Safety;
His very Subjects will againſt him riſe.
So Travellers fly to an Aged Barn
For Shelter from the Rain; when the next Shock
Of Wind throws down that Roof upon their Heads,
From which they hop'd for Succour.
Len. The wretched Kernes, which now like Boughs are ty'd
To forc'd Obedience, will, when our Swords
Have cut thoſe Bonds, ſtart from Obedience.
Malc. May the Event make good our Gueſs
Macd. It muſt, unleſs our Reſolutions fail;
They'll kindle, Sir, their juſt Revenge at ours:
Which double Flame will Singe the Wings of all
The Tyrant's hopes; depriv'd of thoſe Supports,
He'll quickly Fall.
Seym. Let's all retire to our Commnads; our Breath
Spent in Diſcourſe does but defer his Death,
And but delays our Vengeance.
Macd. Come let's go;
The ſwifteſt haſte is for Revenge too ſlow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Macbeth, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners proudly o'er the Wall,
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castle's strength
Will laugh a Siege to Scorn: Here let them lie
Till Famine eat them up: Had *Seaton* still
Been ours, and others who now increase the Number
Of our Enemies, we might have met 'em
Face to Face. [*Noise within.*
What Noise is that?

Ser. It seems the Cry of Women.

Macb. I have almost forgot the Taste of Fears,
The time has been that Dangers have been my Familiars.
Wherefore was that Cry?

Ser. Great Sir, the Queen is Dead.

Macb. She should have Dy'd hereafter,
I brought Her here, to see my Victimes, not to Diet.
To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from Day to Day.
To the last Minute of Recorded Time:
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their Eternal Homes: Out, out, that Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player
That struts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy Tongue: Thy Story quickly.

Mess. Let my Eyes speak what they have seen,
For my Tongue cannot.

Macb. Thy Eyes speak Terror, let thy Tongue expound
Their Language, or be for ever dumb.

Mess. As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill,
I look'd towards *Birnam*, and anon methoughts
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar and Slave.

Mess. Let me endure your Wrath if't be not so.
Within this three Mile may you see it coming,
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false, I'll send thy Soul
To th' other World to meet with moving Woods
And walking Forests;
There to possess what it but dreamt of here.
If thy Speech be true, I care not if thou do'st
The same for me. I now begin
To doubt th' Equivocation of the Fiends;
They bid me not to fear 'till *Birnam* Wood

Should

Should come to *Dunſmane*: And now a Wood
Is on its March this way; Arm, Arm.
Since thus a Wood do's in a March appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here:
Methinks I now grow weary of the Sun,
And wiſh the World's great Glaſs of Life were run. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Malcome, Seymour, Macduff, Lenox, Flean, Seaton, Donalbain, *and their Army with Boughs.*

Malc. Here we are near enough; throw down
Your Leafie Skreens,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You, worthy Uncle,
Shall with my Brother and the Noble *Lenox*,
March in the Van; whilſt Valiant *Seymour*
And my ſelf make up the Groſs of the Army,
And follow you with ſpeed.

Sey. Fare well; the Monſter has forſook his Hold, and comes
To offer Battel.

Macd. Let him come on; his Title now
Sits looſe about him, like a Giant's Robe
Upon a Dwarfiſh Thief.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. 'Tis too Ignoble, and too baſe to flie;
Who's he that is not of a Woman Born?
For ſuch a one I am to fear, or none.

Enter Lenox.

Len. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee. Have I found thee here?
Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* mayſt thou owe thy juſt
Revenge to this ſharp Sword, or this bleſt Minute.

Macb. Retire, fond Man, I wou'd not Kill thee.
Why ſhould Faulcons prey on Flies?
It is below *Macbeth* to fight with Men.

Len. But not to murder Women.

Macb. Lenox, I pity thee, thy Arm's too weak.

Len. This Arm has hitherto found good Succeſs
On your Miniſters of Blood, who murder'd
Macduff's Lady, and brave *Banquo*'s;
Art thou leſs Mortal than they were? Or more
Exempt from Puniſhment, becauſe thou moſt
Deſerv'ſt it? Have at thy Life.

Macb. Since then thou art in Love with Death, I will
Vouchſafe it thee. [*They fight, Lenox falls.*

Thou art of Woman Born, I'm ſure. [*Exit* Macb.

Len. Oh my dear Country, pardon me, that I
Do, in a Cauſe ſo great, ſo quickly Die. [*Dies.*

Enter Macduff.

Macd. This way the Noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy Face.
If thou be'ſt Slain, and by no Hand of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me for't.
I cannot ſtrike
At wretched Slaves, who ſell their Lives for Pay
No, my Revenge ſhall ſeek a nobler Prey.
Through all the Paths of Death, I'll ſearch him out:
Let me but find him, *Fortune*. [*Exit.*

Enter Malcolm, *and* Seymour.

Sey. This way, Great Sir, the Tyrant's People Fight
With Fear, as great as is his Guilt.

Malc. See who Lies here; the Noble *Lenox* ſlain.
What Storm has brought this Blood over our
Riſing Hopes?

Sey. Reſtrain your Paſſion, Sir, let's to our Men.
Thoſe who in Noble Cauſes fall, deſerve
Our Pity, not our Sorrow.
I'll bid ſome Body bear the Body further hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* Fool, and fall,
On my own Sword, while I have living Foes
To Conquer? my Wounds ſhew better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-Hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men elſe, I have avoided thee;
But get thee back, my Soul is too much clog'd
With Blood of thine already.

Macd. I'll have no Words, thy Villanies are worſe
Then ever yet were puniſht with a Curſe.

Macb. Thou may'ſt as well attempt to wound the Air,
As me; my Deſtiny's reſerv'd for ſome Immortal Power,
And I muſt fall by Miracle; I cannot Bleed.

Macd. Have thy black Deeds then turn'd thee to a Devil?

Macb. Thou wouldſt but ſhare the Fate of *Lenox*.

Macb. Is *Lenox* ſlain? and by a Hand that would Damn all it kills,
But that their Cauſe preſerves 'em.

Macb. I have a Prophecy ſecures my Life.

Macd. I have another, which tells me I ſhall have his Blood
Who firſt ſhed mine.

Macb. None of Woman Born can ſpill my Blood.

Macd. Then let the Devils tell thee, *Macduff*
Was from his Mother's Womb untimely Ript.

Macb.

Macb. Curſt be that Tongue that tells me ſo,
And double Damn'd be they, who with a double Senſe
Make Promiſes to our Ears, and break at laſt
That Promiſe to our Sight; I will not Fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thy ſelf a Priſoner, to be led about
The World, and gaz'd on as a Monſter, a Monſter
More Deform'd then ever Ambition fram'd,
Or Tyranny could ſhape.
Macb. I ſcorn to yield. I will, in ſpite of Enchantment,
Fight with thee. Though *Birnam* Wood be come
To *Dunſinane*,
And thou art of no Woman Born, I'll try,
If by a Man it be thy Fate to Die.
[*They Fight*, Macbeth *falls. They ſhout within.*
Macd. This for my Royal Maſter *Duncan*,
This for my deareſt Friend my Wife,
This for thoſe Pledges of our Loves, my Children.
Hark, I hear a Noiſe; ſure there are more [*Shout within.*
Reſerves to Conquer.
I'll, as a Trophy, bear away his Sword,
To witneſs my Revenge. [*Exit* Macduff.
Macb. Farewell vain World, and what's moſt vain in it, Ambition.
[*Dies.*
Enter Malcolm, Seymour, Donalbain, Flean, Seaton, *and Soldiers*
Malc. I wiſh *Macduff* were ſafe arriv'd, I am
In doubt for him; for *Lenox*, I'm in grief.
Seym. Conſider *Lenox*, Sir, is nobly ſlain:
They who in Noble Cauſes fall, deſerve
Our Pity, not our Sorrow. Look where the Tyrant is.
Sent. The Witches, Sir, with all the Power of Hell,
Could not preſerve him from the Hand of Heav'n.
Enter Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *Sword.*
Macd. Long live *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland*, ſo you are
And though I ſhould not Boaſt, that one
Whom Guilt might eaſily weigh down, fell
By my Hand; here I preſent you with
The Tyrant's Sword, to ſhew that Heav'n appointed
Me to take Revenge for you, and all
That Suffered by his Power.
Malc. Macduff, we have more Ancient Records
Than this, of your Succeſsful Courage.
Macd. Now *Scotland*, thou ſhalt ſee bright Days again,
That Cloud's remov'd that did Eclipſe thy Sun,
And Rain down Blood upon thee. As your Arms
Did all contribute to this Victory;
So let your Voices all concur, to give
One joyful Acclamation.
Long live Malcolm, *King of* Scotland.

Malc.

MACBETH.

large Expence of Time,
your several Loves,
: *Thanes* and Kinſmen,
the firſt that ever *Scotland*
that Title! And may they ſtill Flouriſh
; though, like the Laurels
won to Day, they ſpring from a Field of Blood.
his Body hence, and let it hang upon
Pinacle in *Dunſinane*, to ſhew
To ſhew to future Ages what to thoſe is due,
Who others Right, by Lawleſs Power, purſue.
Macd. So may kind Fortune Crown your Reign with Peace
As it hath Crown'd your Armies with Succeſs;
And may the Peoples Prayers ſtill wait on you,
As all their Curſes did *Macbeth* purſue:
His Vice ſhall make your Virtue ſhine more Bright,
As a Fair Day ſucceeds a Stormy Night.

FINIS.